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Deadly Vipers

ANDERSON

HI! LOUISE JONES--KA-ZAR EDITOR--HERE! LAST ISSUE, ON THIS VERY SPOT, YOU WATCHED **BRENT ANDERSON** AND **JIM SHOOTER** DEMONSTRATE HOW TO CREATE ACTIVE, EXCITING COMICS.

YOU EVEN HEARD JIM SUGGEST THAT **BRUCE JONES** SCRAP KA-ZAR'S URBANE DIALOGUE. WELL, BRUCE FOLLOWED JIM'S ADVICE THIS VERY ISSUE... AND THE FAN REACTION HAS BEEN INCREDIBLE.

HELLO, MARVEL COMICS...

NO, WEEZIE'S NOT IN RIGHT NOW, THIS IS BRUCE JONES. CAN I HELP YOU?

OH, REALLY? THE BEST WRITER AT MARVEL, EH? WELL, THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU...

THE BEST WRITER IN COMICS, PERIOD? AW, GO ON! GEE, WHAT A NICE THING TO SAY! I'M OVERWHELMED!

I SHOULD GET THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR DIALOGUE? I *WILL* GET THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR DIALOGUE? GOSH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

ANY CALLS WHILE I WAS OUT?

JUST MY MOTHER...

Concept: **JONES, JONES and ANDERSON**

Script: **BRUCE JONES** Photography: **FINGEROTH**

Stan Lee PRESENTS: KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE

BRUCE JONES *SCRIPT* | BRENT ANDERSON *BREAKDOWNS* | ARMANDO GIL *FINISHES* | DON WARFIELD *COLORS* | JANICE CHIANG *LETTERS* | LOUISE JONES *EDITOR* | JIM SHOOTER *EO-IN-CHIEF*

I'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

IT WAS TO BE THEIR NEW JUNGLE HOME, BUILT COMPLETELY BY KA-ZAR AS A SURPRISE TO SHANNA. IT HAD BEEN LIKE A DREAM...

N 6511

PALMER BASE, THIS IS PBN-6511 ON MEDICAL EMERGENCY. WE GOT A VERY SICK MAN UP HERE. WILL REFUEL AT TIERRA DEL FUEGO-- OVER AND OUT!

...IF WE *MAKE* IT TO TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

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AS THE PLANE MAKES IT'S WAY NORTHWARD, SHANNA--KEEPING A VIGIL BY HER GRAVELY WOUNDED LOVER--REMEMBERS HOW IT ALL BEGAN...

THEY HAD COME FROM THE STATES--

TIERRA DEL FUEGO

THE BOTANIST, DR. COURTLAND, HIS YOUNG WIFE, RAMONA, HIS ASSISTANT, CHARLIE, AND NORM, THE PILOT.

PALMER BASE

ANTARCTICA

SAVAGE LAND

THE GOOD DOCTOR HAD GONE STRAIGHT TO THE NEAREST FLORA AND BEGUN SETTING UP HIS BOTANICAL EXPERIMENTS...

LA PAZ

RAMONA HAD GONE STRAIGHT TO KA-ZAR AND HAD SET UP A FEW 'EXPERIMENTS' OF HER OWN...

SANTIAGO

HER FIRST PLAY, TO MAKE SHANNA AS JEALOUS AS SHE POSSIBLY COULD, WORKED...

...HER SECOND PLAY, TO MAKE CRAZY OLD CHARLIE JUST AS JEALOUS, WORKED **TOO** WELL.

MIAMI

BOGOTA

CHARLIE GOT HIMSELF KILLED.

NEW YORK

AND THEN, IN A TUSSLE BETWEEN RAMONA AND SHANNA OVER A GUN, KA-ZAR FOUND HIS **OWN** PATH TO THE BRINK OF DEATH...

MIAMI

THE BULLET HIT HIM DEAD CENTER IN THE FOREHEAD, AND LODGED ITSELF IN HIS BRAIN. THE BLOW ALONE WOULD HAVE KILLED A LESSER MAN. AS IT WAS, DR. COURTLAND DIDN'T GIVE THE JUNGLE LORD MUCH HOPE.

NEVERTHELESS, THEY LOADED HIM CAREFULLY ONTO THE PLANE AND SHOT INTO THE CLOUDS. RAMONA WAS GETTING WHAT SHE WANTED ALL ALONG...

...KA-ZAR THE SAVAGE WAS COMING TO NEW YORK...

DOC! BETTER WAKE UP! NORM SAYS WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

I'LL LOOK IN ON THE PATIENT. I'M SURE I CAN SUPPLY HIM ANYTHING HE NEEDS

LIKE ANOTHER BULLET IN THE BRAIN, RAMONA?

HEY, CHEETA, WHO SAYS *I'M* THE ONE WHO PULLED THE TRIGGER? *YOUR* FINGER WAS ON IT TOO, YOU KNOW!

THAT'S A BLOODY LIE! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WAS SHOOTING WILD!

LADIES, LADIES, PLEASE! THIS ISN'T HELPING THE PATIENT! HE NEEDS REST...AND *QUIET!*

DOC, I HAVE ALL THE RESPECT IN THE WORLD FOR YOU AND FOR YOUR WORK. BUT AS FOR THIS SO-CALLED *WIFE* OF YOURS--

AT LEAST I *AM* A WIFE, SHANNA DEAR!

YOU'RE JUST A COMMON WHO-WHO-AHHHHHH--

-- CHOO!

ZABU!

AH CHOO!

ISN'T HE -AH-CHOO!- SUPPOSED TO BE BACK IN BAGGAGE?

GET HIM *OUT* OF HERE, SHANNA! MANGY *BEAST!*

RRRRR

LOOK AT HIM! HE WANTS TO *BITE* ME! *STOP* HIM! AH-*CHOO!*

NOW, ZABU, MUSTN'T BITE THE NICE LADY-- WE WOULDN'T WANT THE CABIN FILLED WITH ALL THAT NASTY HOT AIR...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BABY...?

KEVIN!

Y-YOU'RE UP!

AMAZING! THIS MAN HAS A *BULLET* IN HIS BRAIN! WHAT STAMINA!

TO HECK WITH HIS STAMINA, LET'S GET HIM BACK TO BED!

COME, MY BOY-- WE--OOF!

KEVIN! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

LOOK AT HIS EYES!

HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE *IS*-- DOESN'T *RECOGNIZE* ANY OF US!

OH, HE'LL RECOGNIZE *ME*, ALL RIGHT!

WHUP!

DOC, HE--

WE'VE *GOT* TO STRAP HIM DOWN! IF THAT BULLET IN HIS BRAIN SHIFTS TO A MORE VULNERABLE POINT--

DON'T EVEN *THINK* IT!

CAN'T YOU GIVE HIM A TRANQUILIZER?

IN HIS CONDITION, IT MIGHT DO HIM MORE HARM THAN GOOD.

THERE IS A SUDDEN CRUNCH OF WOOD AND METAL.

GRANK!

STOP HIM, DOC!

TINGUS

CLANG!

FIRE EX

HE'S BREAKING INTO THE COCKPIT!

EXPECTING A REFILL ON HIS COFFEE, NORM TURNS TO FIND...

LET GO A' THAT JOYSTICK!

HEY! LET GO! GET HIM OUTTA HERE, BLAST IT!

THE PLANE DIPS AND LOOPS UNCONTROLLABLY...

ZABU! GET HIM!

KA-ZAR IS WHIPPED BACKWARD IN THE POWERFUL JAWS--GENTLY, BUT FIRMLY...

GROWF?

...BUT THE ALREADY-PITCHING PLANE SOON GAINS KA-ZAR THE ADVANTAGE...

ZABU! DR. COURTLAND, DO SOMETHING!

I AM...

HE'S GOT MORE DRUGS IN HIM THAN THE AVERAGE ROCK STAR AND HE'S *STILL* GOING!

NOW WE'LL SEE, MY YOUNG FRIEND...

KEVIN?... BABY?...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DARLING.. ;SOB; JUST RELAX NOW. WE'RE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.

THAT'S RIGHT, TIE HIM UP LIKE A PET CHIMP AND PUT HIM IN A ZOO!

OH, SHUT UP, RAMONA!

HE'S COMING AROUND ALREADY! AMAZING, I TELL YOU!

HE'S TRYING TO GET LOOSE! LOOK...LOOK AT HIS EYES... LIKE AN UNTAMED ANIMAL'S!

M-M-M WILD AND HOT!

OUR PRESENCE THERE IS EXCITING HIM... AND HE MUST REMAIN CALM! PERHAPS WE'D BEST LEAVE HIM ALONE FOR A WHILE! ZABU, STAND GUARD HERE AT THE DOOR, IF YOU WILL!

AND THIS TIME, DR. COURTLAND IS CERTAIN TO LOCK THE DOOR...

CLICK!

ALONE IN THE DARKNESS, KA-ZAR GAZES UP INTO NOTHINGNESS, A SAVAGE LOOK OF MINDLESS DETERMINATION IN HIS EYES...

AHCHOO

WILL YOU PLEASE DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT RIDICULOUS CREATURE!

ZABU, STOP BEING A CAT IMMEDIATELY! YOU'RE UPSETTING RAMONA!

SPITEFUL, SPITEFUL! YOUR PROBLEM IS THAT YOU TAKE A JUNGLE TIGER LIKE KA-ZAR AND TRY TO TURN HIM INTO A PUSSYCAT.

I PREFER HIM THE WAY HE IS NOW-- STRONG AND SILENT! IF I HAD IT MY WAY--

IF YOU HAD IT YOUR WAY, HE WOULDN'T LAST OUT THE DAY!

GIRLS! FASTEN YOUR SEATBELTS! WE'RE LANDING!

KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT...

THERE'S THE AMBULANCE!

THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN...

...YOUR PATIENT IS RIGHT IN HERE!

GONE!

SHANNA! RAMONA! KA-ZAR'S GONE!

AT THAT MOMENT, A MILE AWAY...

MEMORIES... ELUSIVE, SHADOWY, HALF-FORGOTTEN MEMORIES... IF ONLY THEY WOULD COME... BUT THEY WON'T!

NEW YORK
FRAKKIE

THE BIG JETS THUNDER OVERHEAD, SENDING SPIKES OF AGONY INTO HIS ALREADY-THROBBING HEAD.

ESCAPE... MUST ESCAPE THE TERRIBLE NOISE...

... MUST GO SOMEWHERE ELSE... TO THINK... TO THINK...

... TO REMEMBER...

WE'LL FIND HIM, DR. COURTLAND! ZABU CAN FIND HIS MASTER *ANYWHERE*... IN ANY JUNGLE, EVEN THIS ONE! DON'T WORRY!

SIMPY, WHINING REDHEAD! I *CAN'T* LET HER FIND HIM FIRST! I *CAN'T*!

THAT'S HIM, BOYS! THAT'S THE CAT THEY PHONED US ABOUT!

GOSH! IT REALLY *IS* A SABER-TOOTH! LOOK AT THEM CHOPPERS!

WHO'RE YOU GUYS?

HEY--*HEY!!* *WAIT* A SECOND! *DON'T!* DON'T SHOOT! HE'S A--

POWP!

--PET!

ZABU? OH, BABY, WHAT HAVE THEY *DONE* TO YOU?

RUFF?

DON'T WORRY, LADY--HE'LL WAKE UP IN A COUPLE OF HOURS.

BY THE WAY... I LIKE YOUR OUTFIT...

YOU MORON! WHAT ABOUT KA-ZAR? WHO'S GOING TO TRACK HIM DOWN NOW?

DARKNESS... THE METAL SNAKE HAS ENTERED IN-TO THE SAFETY AND DARKNESS OF A LONG WINDING CAVE... GOOD!

125th ST.

PERHAPS IT WILL BE QUIET HERE...PERHAPS HE CAN *THINK* HERE...

NO! PLEASE! YOU CAN *HAVE* THE MONEY! TAKE IT!

JUST DON'T HURT US!

BUT WE *ENJOY* HURTIN' YOU, SWEET-HEART. IT'S OUR *HOBBY!* AIN'T THAT RIGHT, SID?

WASTE 'EM AND GET IT OVER WITH!

THAT'S RIGHT, KILL US, YOU ANIMALS! THEN SCRIBBLE YOUR DEEDS ON THE WALLS OF THE SUB-WAYS LIKE THE ANIMALS YOU ARE!

HEY, DIG WHO'S CALLIN' *US* ANIMALS-- THE HUMAN *PIG!*

SID! WE GOT COMPANY!

WHOA! CHECK OUT HIS COLORS! FAR OUT, DUDE. YOU FROM THE EAST SIDE?

GROOVY HEADBAND YA GOT DERE, DU--UH!

NOW THAT AIN'T NICE, NATURE BOY! ZEPHIE'S GONNA HAVE TO OPERATE ON YA FER DAT! C'MERE!

KA-ZAR'S MEMORY MAY BE SLOWED, BUT NOT HIS REFLEXES...

HOLY JUMPIN'-- YOU GUYS SEE THAT?

WE SEE IT-- YER GETTIN' SLOPPY, ZEPH. TOO MUCH LINGUINI.

MAKE WAY FOR A PRO!

EEE-YAHHH!

OOPS!

CRIMINY! THE GUY AIN'T HUMAN!

TH-WAK!

I... UH, AIN'T REALLY PART OF DIS GANG, YA KNOW?

I BELONG TO A CLUB UPTOWN-- DA BRONX CHICKENS!

"BAAWK-BAAWK-BAAWK"... Y'KNOW?

MINUTES LATER...

WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

HE WAS BEAUTIFUL!

ANY DISTINGUISHING MARKS?

HE WAS BEAUTIFUL!

WHAT WAS HE WEARING?

NOTHING! HE WAS BEAUTIFUL!

YOU PIGS ARE GONNA BUST YER HUMPS TRYIN' TO FIND THAT DUDE!

HE MOVES TOO FAST TO EVEN BE MUG SHOT!

WANNA BET!

MIDTOWN...

POLICE

...BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LET ZABU GO!

MY ORDERS SAY KEEP HIM IN QUARANTINE, LADY, AND I'M A GOOD LITTLE COP WHO FOLLOWS HIS ORDERS. THAT'S RULE NUMBER 1 AROUND HERE.

BUT ZABU'S THE ONLY LIVING THING THAT CAN FIND KA-ZAR. HE'S GOT A SERIOUS HEAD INJURY!

I CAN'T LET A SABER-TOOTH CAT WITH A HEAD INJURY GO ROAMING ABOUT THE CITY, LADY!

NOT THE CAT--KA-ZAR! HE'S GOT THE INJURY!

TRY ROOM 211 DOWN THE HALL, MAYBE THEY CAN HELP, OKAY? TWO DOORS DOWN, ON YER LEFT...

BY THE WAY, I'M NOT SURE THAT OUTFIT WOULD PASS RULE NO. 46 IN THE DECENCY CODE BOOK.

CAPT. FRAN

DOES THE WHOLE CITY TALK IN NUMBERS OR IS IT JUST THE POLICE DEPARTMENT?

YOU COMING, RAMONA?

NO. YAWN. I'LL WAIT HERE FOR DOC. YOU GO ALONG WITH SWEET-BUNS, NORM.

YEAH, YOU WAIT HERE, RAMONA BABE! MAYBE YOU CAN STAY OUT OF TROUBLE IN A *POLICE STATION!*

I'M GLAD I BROUGHT ENOUGH DIAMONDS AND JEWELS FROM THE SAVAGE LAND TO TRADE FOR SOME CURRENCY, NORM!

HERE WE ARE...

OH, MAMA! COME TO ME!

EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE DRESSED LIKE THAT!

WHY DO YOU THINK I'M HERE, PAL?

HANDS OFF, BROTHER. THE LADY'S WITH ME!

WHILE ELSEWHERE...

PERCH... LIKE A TREE... ONLY HARDER, UNYIELDING... AND THE ODOR... THE **SMELL** OF THIS PLACE...

FIRE? A CAMP, PERHAPS?

A CAMP WHERE HE MAY FIND FRIENDS... FAMILIAR FACES...

SID, THERE'S A *KID* UP THERE ON THE ROOF! GET NO. 7 UNIT OVER HERE *QUICK!* WHERE THE HECK'RE THOSE GUYS FROM STATION 16?

THEY'RE ON CALL AT THAT RIVERFRONT BLAZE AND OUR NO. 7 WON'T GO EIGHT STORIES, FRANK!

WELL, PULL IT OVER HERE *ANYWAY* AND SOMEBODY TOW THAT BLASTED CHEVY OUT OF THE WAY!

I *TOLD* YOU, SID! SHE WON'T *REACH!*

LORD, I DON'T *BELIEVE* THIS! ARE WE JUST GONNA STAND HERE AND WATCH THAT KID *FRY?*

I-I *SOB* I AIN'T *SCARED!* TH-THE ANGELS WILL PROTECT ME! MAMA SAID SO!

I TOLD YOU, SHOILY, DIDN'T I TELL YA? THE PLACE IS A MATCHBOX, I SAID, WE SHOULD MOVE OUTTA HERE, I SAID, BUT NO, YOU GOTTA STAY IN THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD SO TO BE BY YER SISTER AND SHE WHAT AIN'T EVEN PAID US BACK FOR DAT TIME WE LOANED HER TH--

OH SHUT UP, HARRY, JUST SHUT UP!

GOTTA GIVE IT ONE MORE *TRY*! I GOT KIDS AT HOME! I CAN'T JUST LET THAT ONE *BURN*!

KEEP THE HOSE GOIN', SID! I'M HEADIN' IN AFTER HER!

FRANK! COME *BACK*! THAT BUILD-IN'S GONNA COME DOWN ANY *SECOND*!

FRANK! YA FOOL! YA SHOULDN'TA TRIED IT!

KRASH!

KID *COUGH* GONNA BURN UP *COUGH* GOTTA--

YEAH, YEAH-- AND YOU ALONG WITH HER! IT AIN'T POSSIBLE, PAL. NOT IN THAT INFERNO!

HEY, WHAT THE--

WHO'S THAT GUY?

GET A HOSE ON 'IM, QUICK!

A-ARE YOU AN ANGEL?

SECONDS LATER...

...AN' HE HAD WINGS AND A BIG SHINY HALO AND A GOLDEN HARP AN'--

EASY, BABY, WE GOT YOU NOW...KID'S DELIRIOUS!

THERE SHE GOES!

LORD, THAT GUY'LL *HAVE* TO BE AN ANGEL NOW! CLEAR THE STREETS!

FRANK, HE *IS* FLYING! HE'S *FLYING* I TELL YOU! FRANK, HE'S *FLYING*!

YEAH...AN' I CAN SEE HIS LITTLE GOLD HARP NOW, TOO...

AND LATER, AT RAMONA'S APARTMENT...

HERE I SIT, LISTENING TO THE OLD BUZZARD SNORE HIS BRAINS OUT WHILE THAT MAGNIFICENT HUNK OF JUNGLE TENDERLOIN WANDERS ABOUT TH--

HEY... WHAT'S THIS?

COSMORAMA

MYSTERY HERO TRIUMPHS AGAIN

MYSTERY HE
TRIUMPHS AGA
THE SAVAGE IS LOOSE AND RESCUING LITTLE GIRL FROM FLAMING APARTMENT BUILDINGS!

HMMM-M-M... THERE'S ONLY *ONE* SURE-FIRE WAY TO CATCH A JUNGLE HERO...

...AND YOU, DEAR DOC, ARE GOING TO HELP ME!

SHANNA, DARLING, YOU'RE BACK! ANY LUCK?

NO.

SMALL WONDER, I MEAN, YOU'RE DRESSED LIKE A PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT. OH DEAR, IS THAT NEW?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, RAMONA, AND WHY?

OUT AND NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. TOODLES.

NEW YORK STATE PRISON...

;AHEM;, WHY YES, MISS CLUTE, WE'RE ALWAYS *MORE* THAN GLAD TO SHOW A MEMBER OF THE PRESS AROUND!

ALWAYS TRY TO KEEP *ABREAST* OF THE TIMES, Y'KNOW; AHEM;. THAT IS, PRESENT A GOOD *FRONT*; AHEM;, I MEAN--

THANK YOU, WARDEN.

UH, JACKSON-- I'D LIKE YOU TO SHOW MISS CLUTE AROUND. SHE'LL MEET YOU IN THE RECEPTION AREA.

I'M OBLIGED, WARDEN--

--YOU'RE VERY KIND!--

--AND *VERY* COOPERATIVE!

YES, *M'AM!* WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE FIRST?

HOW ABOUT THE LOCKER ROOM?

I, UH, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU EVER DATE PRISON GUARDS, BUT--

I DON'T USUALLY, BUT I LIKE A MAN IN UNIFORM... ESPECIALLY WITH SUCH BROAD SHOULDERS...

...M-M, LET ME FEEL...

NIGHTY-NIGHT!

MINUTES LATER, IN THE LOCKER ROOM...

A TUCK OF THE HAIR...

...A TWIST OF THE KEY...

...A HANDSHAKE WITH A VENOM-RING HERE...

...A SLAP ON THE BACK THERE...

...AND SHE BREAKS THE MAXIMUM SECURITY ISOLATION SECTION...

MAXIMUM

WAIT

ALL CLEAR

EMERGENC

MAXIMUM RITY SECT.

AT THE END OF A BARE, OMINOUS-LOOKING HALL, SHE FINDS HER QUARRY AT LAST...

GOOD EVENING...

YOU LOOK BORED MY FRIEND. HARD UP FOR SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOUR TIME?

MAYBE I CAN HELP...

BRAWNY FINGERS RETRIEVE THE TORN-OUT SECTION OF NEWSPAPER...

WHAT'S THIS?

THAT IS YOUR GAME, MY FRIEND! YOU'RE GOING TO TRACK HIM DOWN FOR ME!

THIS *IS* CELL NO. SEVENTEEN, ISN'T IT? YOU *ARE* PRISONER 678-439... BETTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS--

--KRAVEN, THE HUNTER!

NEXT ISSUE:

ME KRAVEN, YOU DEAD!

IT WAS AN UNUSUALLY HOT DAY IN THE SAVAGE LAND. ZABU HAD STRETCHED OUT LAZILY UNDER A SHADY PALM, LULLED INTO SLEEP BY THE EXCITED SHOUTS AND SPLASHES THAT ACCOMPANIED LITTLE KEVIN PLUNDER'S MORNING SWIM.

THEN, SUDDENLY, THE SPLASHES STOPPED...

EEEE, EEEEEEEEEE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TALES of ZABU!

FLY NOW, PAY LATER PART II

BRUCE JONES
STORY

VAL MAYERIK
ART

DON WARFIELD
COLOR

MIKE HIGGINS
LETTERS

LOUISE JONES
EDITS

JIM SHOOTER
CHIEF

THE TRICK IS NOT TO PANIC. OF COURSE IT LOOKS HOPELESS AND YES, THE FLYING LIZARD HAS A GOOD HEAD-START ON HIM, BUT THE MAN-CUB MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE AND THE LIZARD **HAS** TO LAND SOONER OR LATER...

...SOONER...

...OR LATER...

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT TO FOLLOW AS BEST YOU CAN... AND HOPE THE CREATURE DOESN'T SET THE CHILD DOWN BEFORE YOU GET THERE...

YOU SHOULD **NEVER** HAVE SHUT YOUR EYES IN THE **FIRST** PLACE! IF YOU'D BEEN **WATCHING** THE BOY, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!

WHAT KIND OF PARENT ARE YOU, ANYWAY? WAS THE POOR KID SUPPOSED TO KNOW EVERY DANGER IN THE JUNGLE? HE'S ONLY A **CHILD**, YOU KNOW!

FIRST YOUR MOTHER, THEN YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS, THEN YOUR STEPBROTHER, THEN YOUR MATE... ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP ACTING IRRESPONSIBLY LIKE THIS UNTIL YOU LOSE **EVERY-THING** YOU LOVE? **ARE** YOU?

WELL, NEVER MIND THAT NOW, IT'S WATER OVER THE DAM. YOU'RE AT THE TOP! KEEP YOUR EYES ON WHAT YOU'RE DOING! IS THE CREATURE STILL THERE, CAN YOU SEE THEM?

WATCH OUT, YOU IDIOT!!

NOW, JUST BRACE YOUR LEGS AND LOWER YOURSELF TO THE LEDGE BELOW! WHEW! SAFE!

WILL YOU **PLEASE** WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU'RE GOING TO GET **ALL** OF YOU KILLED!

THERE! THERE THEY ARE, SEE? THE LIZARD IS RESTING ON THAT LEDGE. DON'T WORRY, HE'S TOO TIRED TO EAT THE BOY HERE...

HE'S RESTING THERE-- ON THE NEXT LITTLE PEAK! IT'S ALL DOWN HILL FROM HERE! IT'S...

... ALL DOWN...

...HILL...

NEXT: IN KAZAR #21... GOODBYE-- FOREVER!

OUR WRITERS AND ARTISTS REALLY LIKE "HANGING OUT" AT MARVEL, PARTLY BECAUSE THEY GET TO HEAR, FIRST-HAND, WHAT PEOPLE REALLY THINK OF THEIR WORK.

NEXT ISSUE--BECAUSE SHOOTER DEMANDED IT--I WILL PRESENT A GENUINE EDITORIAL AND YOU WILL GET THE CHANCE TO WATCH **ARMANDO GIL** "HANG OUT." BUT THIS ISSUE, **BRUCE** IS HOGGING THE PHONE...

DUFFY'S TAVERN--I MEAN, MARVEL COMICS...

NO, WEEZIE'S AWAY FROM HER DESK, I WHAT--? WHO--?

I SAID, THIS IS SAM SMITH AND I THINK YOU'RE A TERRIFIC WRITER!

REALLY? GEE, TELL ME MORE, SAM!

YOUR PLOTTING IS SENSATIONAL, YOUR CHARACTERIZATION, SUPERB! SO CRISP! SO CLEVER!

PLEASE, THIS IS EMBARRASSING...

NO, I REALLY MEAN IT! YOU MAKE THE REST OF THOSE HACKS LOOK SICK!

WELL, THANKS! IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO KNOW OUR EFFORTS DON'T GO UNAPPRECIATED! A PLEASURE TO TALK TO YOU, SAM...

--AND A PLEASURE TO TALK TO **YOU, MR. CLAREMONT!!**

Concept: **JONES, JONES and ANDERSON**

Script: **BRUCE JONES** Photography: **FINGEROTH**